

My First
Book of Poetry

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Mairead Meade

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Tuesday, 09.08.94

Hidden Love

A love so pure that angels cannot possess
A love so much warmer than a fiery furnace
A love so deep, it will not be concealed.
A love so strange, it can not be revealed.
A baby's love, a mother's love,
A stranger's love, a brother's love,
An animal's love, an angel's love:
No love is quite so mighty.
God's love is shining through –
Such power and passion evoked out of the blue.
It's building inside, ready to explode,
Love of such strength can no Samson hold.
Such reverent, relished rays can not be forlorn.
Seek it when hidden, allow it to be worn.

Thursday 23.03.95

Digging up my Grave

Dolores O'Riordan can't understand
Why WB Yeats just sat there in his grave
Sinead O'Connor says there has to be
"Knowledge and understanding
There has to be remembering
And then grieving...
Only then can there be forgiving."
Dr Arthur Janov would agree.
Leonard Cohen says he can't forget
That he doesn't remember what.
Bono still hasn't found what he's looking for!

Andy Bell submits to allow running to the sun.
What if it's only a falling star?
Kurt Cobain wants to be raped by his friend.
The Violent Femmes say
"There's nothing worth living for tonight".
Bjork says she needs to play dead
"To curl up inside (her) private tortures"
Dr Arthur Janov would disapprove.
Primal Scream "want to get loaded
And have a good time".
All Sheryl Crow wants to do is have some fun!

I know why WB Yeats sat in his grave
Until his body finally followed him there
After spending his life writing poetry
That relieved the pain of losing Maud Gonne.
My soul lies in my grave too.
A whole year has now passed
But I still write of running to the sun
And I still listen to musical lyrics
In the hope they may set me straight.
Still I read books, words are my fix
As my body drags behind en route to the grave.

09.08.94

I want...

I want to see your face, simple but enchanting
I want to hear your voice, the tales it breathes
I want to hold your hand, gently and with care
I want to feel your fingers and touch your hair
I want to hug you so tight, we can melt together
I want to look into your eyes and feel the fear
I want to hear your laugh as you mock and tease
I want to sense your warmth and carress your cold
I want to give all I can to your perfect self
I want to show you the love I bear within
I want nothing else, all I want is you.

When I'm With You

There are times when I feel I am
Walking on thin ice over an endless hole.
As I cross it, secured by thick rope,
I sometimes slip into that bottomless hollow
But the turgid rope holds tough
And I clamber back to safety.
Bruises start appearing –
There are never any scars.

More usually though, I feel as one
Breathing through the same gills
In the pure water of this ocean.
The waves beat rhythmically to this bliss.
My heart vibrates vigorously in this harmony.
My adoration of all present is nurtured.
I suck the sea's breast and swallow its milk.
Delectable, my buds growing,
Soon all is ripe – Heaven.

Thursday 17.02.94

There

Who will be there?
Will anyone be there?
My family will be there.
I need reassurance.
I need this method.
I need my family.

September, 1993

Life

Up, down. Up down.
In, out. In, out.
First a smile, then a frown
After that, an incessant shout –
Pain, anger, torture all come out.

Worry

A nervous sensation up the spine
Irritating hours pass by
Soon to find out all is fine
I keep worrying and don't know why.

Mum

Are you safe, are you okay?
Why do I feel this way?
Give me a hug, show me some love
Sort things out as you do so well.

Monday, 20.12.93

Tonight

Tonight, love returned
Through loving others, I realised that I still love you
The night – cold and clear, revitalised it
The video – vivacious, sexual relived it.

I see you, quiet as this night,

Full of violence and rage,
Carrying unbearable tortures.
I reach out my hand to catch your grasp
But the night pulls you away.
Yet the shrinking stars still shine through the clouds.

Cast away those tortures,
Forget the pressures –
Relax.
Allow me to show you love, true love
Not violence, discomfort or sorrow
But peace, beauty and undying love.

I wish upon those stars that I can heal your heart.

28.12.93

Manipulation

A square room
A square person
What am I doing?

The music blows my mind.
My hands are numb
Weird feelings through my bones
I wish for some untold love

I can not think
Ye can not feel
Am I happy?

Are these my friends?
What am I doing here?
I have lost it.

Barf!

Strange feelings in my stomach –
Churning, swirling – I feel sick!
My throat is stuffed with it –
Gulping, knotting, strangling me.

I have got to be released
It is up to me! No one else –
It's my hopeful, hopeless decision.
Yes! I must get rid of this nausea.

September 1993

Desperado!

Confusion and tension build –
You do not understand yourself or your actions.
Your mind is estranged,
Your thoughts speak a foreign language.
You wish you had happiness and self-satisfaction.
You wish for too much –
The robins will never come to you:
No hope of success.
Rejected and insecure, you live another day
But why? To see if night will ever end?
More hurt and torture awaits your foolish being
Fuck it all!
Those who pass through the doors will be ultimately affected –
Their knowledge will be unbounding
And their misery – infinite.
I long for a remedy to cure my fucked up mind.
Help me break free.
I feel like I am clinging to a twig
Depending on it for security and safety –
But it's giving way, I'm falling.
Somebody throw me a life belt or catch me!
I'm desperate!
I wish for the wisdom of the ages,
To understand and help anyone I can.
I feel useless and ignorant.
Will I ever gain my greatest desires?
Will my strength fail?
God, grant me the power of my convictions.

Tuesday, 8th February 1994

The Injustice of Being

Manipulation – cold sweats.
Destruction of beauty, innocence.
Stealing what is good,
What breathes good, from the good.

Cruelty and treacherous acts
Enforced on others –
Where is justice?
Where is love?

Maintaining what little love there is

Is the only route to survival –
To overcome such horrors
That prevail in every dimension of being.
[But how?]

Wednesday, 9th of February, 1994

My Inspiration

I thank your beautiful, delicate person.
Unconsciously, you have given me a purpose.
My admiration of your strength and determination is indescribable.
It is as immense as the universe –
The unattainability, all the more enticing:
The simplicity, reassuring.
My undying love and appreciation goes with you always.

Saturday, 19th March, 1994

Masculinity

A female locked in such a state -
Jealous of all of them
Wishing I could show it.
Total acceptance is what I lust;
Absolute ease in their company.
My self consciousness drives me wild.
I've let and continue to let everyone I know down!
Loving them all so deeply,
A certain few especially.
Why can't I show it when I'm myself?
Why do I have to be someone else
To fulfill my desires, my needs?
I wish I could show the love I feel
Even by a simple hug or kiss
But no, I am weak.
I have an inner weakness
That prevents all the feelings contained
Within me from being put on display –
I want to disclose them.
It would be so much better.
My character prevents me -
I am a chicken without wings!

Tuesday, 29th March 1994

Table Quiz

The discomfort is unbounding
I need the cushions of life
I smell the impure flowers
He is a slave to them all.
Why does he allow himself to be
Succumbed to such victimisation?
A man he is unknowing of the forces pushing him,
Causing such confusion, such disruption –
A man locked in his ways but not the right ways
I would love to help him
But he will never change.

We are a family divided so much –
Our broken bonds are irreparable
We have all grown so wrong
Happiness, unified pleasure
Can never happen properly again.

Saturday, 30th April, 1994

Beauty

Catch beauty in a precious mesh
And bear it with light limbs
Carefully hold it, don't be rough.
Love it eternally, love it firmly.
Replace rough rigidity
With smooth grace.
Transfer fear into respect,
Cowardice into confidence.
Cherish this child of porcelain.
Polish this piece until it shines
Like the sun on the running river.
Gurgling, glistening radiantly.
Dive into this bath of milk.
Drink it dry. Feel the power within.
Breathe out the vapour, sense the sunlight.
Wander in this world without worry.
Roam in this royal garden.
See this life. Touch it.
Live this life.

Fear of School

Those that make you quiver
Who study night and day.
Those that make you shiver
Who lecture about your ways.
Those that make you tremble
Who talk non stop of IT.
Those that make you crumble
Who fill your knickers with shit!

If they do have to feel the pressure
Why do they have to throw it at you?
Sure, don't they realise
You all just want to get it through?

The Night

A busy bar, frivolous friends
All bunched into a small room.
Standing, sitting, leaning on one another.
Long queues for the toilet.

I espy him there in the corner.
My heart thumps – goose bumps.
He approaches – it's a dream.
Flirtatious gestures, warmth.

I am carried away to another world
Full of strangers all welcoming me
Strange events unfold – indifference.
Moods swing – I gain power.

Hugging, carressing, supporting.
The power of woman is alive.
I change moods, soothing him.
Creating rolling tides of love.

Soon all anger is wiped away
And replaced with jokes, slagging.
The night moves with grace -
Vibes of love always winning.

Compensation point being passed.
Love reigning, overpowering.
The bedroom scene – another dream?
Romance, fondliness – love?

The ultimate is beign portrayed –

2 bodies becoming one.
Yet never one – frustration.
Man is struggling for his laurel.

Woman unwilling – numbing.
Her spirit is separating from her body.
Man is fighting, battling, losing:
Woman throws in the towel.

The remnants are a nightmare
She is running away, scared, shivering.
Escape is not kind to her –
Emulsifying her in everlasting shame.

Tuesday, 3rd May, 1994

An Ode To All Clementines

Hast ye e'en a little compassion, a little comprehension?
Nay! Ye are immature and ignorant imbeciles –
Nought but embryos desperately attempting to improvise this life.

Hear ye all and hear ye well
Neither piety nor credence matter
Merely acknowledge and accept
And flap thine ears perhaps?
Be somewhat sensible – perceive!
The story's essence is insignificant
But the story's moral is invaluable.

Thus listen carefully –
Respond and react.
Rather than dismiss,
Accept and acquire.

Tuesday, 3rd May, 1994

Success!

Bang, beat, batter the box.
Kick, knock, clatter the cage.
The shrinking gap disappears between the bars.
The crow's nest is visible but inaccessible.

Don't be distressed. Keep trying!
Project oneself onto a higher plane.
Step over the summit to the other side.
Touch all the good but retain what you have.

It is safe to seize success now
But beware of the sour cream!
Drink only the fresh milk.

Now your resources are sufficient –
Manipulate them delicately.
Whack! Smash! Bash! all bad.
Hug, kiss and caress all good.
When all is done, lie in your royal bed.
Rest long your tired, tortured, peaceful head.

Tuesday, 3rd May, 1994

A Prayer of Thanks

Tales of turmoil, evocative events –
Woeful weeping, tearful laughing.
Pain, anguish, cruel blackness.
My throat is blocked.
My eyes are swelling.
My head is locked.

Estranged from all ye ignorant imbeciles,
Confused by my impressionable intellect.
Alone with this frustrated feeling –
Until you rescue me from my delusion.

Sweet psalms I sing in your praise,
Sweet wine I drink in your glory.
The beauty queen has saved me,
The goddess has answered my prayers.

Tuesday, 7th June, 1994

Waiting

Sitting in the armchair beside the window.
Glaring, staring through the pane.
Watching, hoping for some swallow to come.
Alas, tis all in vain!

Tuesday 26th April, 1994

SHIT!

Fuck! Fuck! Fuck the shit!
How can one be happy

When there is so much shit?
A duck that cannot swim,
A bird that cannot fly,
A dog that cannot run,
A baby that cannot cry.
So much shit! So much shit!
Cruelty! Cruelty!
My heart aches,
My stomach turns,
My head spins.
Calm down. Stay still.
Deep breathing – Hold on!
Aagh! – It's all gone!

Monday, 20.06.94

Wandering through the streets
One of many fleets
Who end up all alone
In an empty public park.
Splashes, trickles, dribbles.
Slipping, sliding, falling.
Down, down. Lower, lower.
My head hits the floor.
Battered, bruised, now bandaged.
Strange faces become familiar.
Lost hopes become so dear.
The park bench becomes home.
Nothing but my iced cake
Bought in an unoccupied café.
Concrete slabs beneath my feet.
Misty rain spitting on my face.
The only reliable thing is this bench –
Even winos have somewhere to be!
Not I, I sit all alone –
Let it be closing time!

20.06.94

All I ever do is wait
And watch transient life
Pass the time of day
And night and day again.
Another wall is built
To replace the one before.
But it's even uglier
And much, much higher.
When this shall crumble,

The rubble left behind will be huge.
Tremendous strength will be required
To lift these bricks of lead.
Stay standing! Don't fall!
I really, really love this wall.

Thursday, 21.07.94

Removed but Moved

I stand alone in the crowd.
I know no one, I see many.
Remorse, regret fill my guts.
Apart from such grief, am I
But still I feel something.
Alien to the deceased, am I
But not alien to his person's ripples
That constantly spread out from him
Though his soul has departed the earth.
The huge attendance demonstrates his power.
One man's presence has proved almighty.
The effects of his being will outlive him.
I greatly admire a stranger
Who I did not know and now never will.
Indirectly, I feel I did know him
For his ripples shall never fade.

20.07.94

The Funeral Home

Large crowds stand around
All having come to pay their respects.
A long queue rises from the door.
People move mechanically inwards,
Fulfilling their duties with handshakes –
In one door and out the other.
Groups collect together and wait.
Silence breaks their banter –
Slowly, young men in suits walk out
With a wooden box atop their shoulders.
All hold solemn faces and bow heads.
As the coffin passes, signs of the cross are made.
People shuffle away as the hearse's door is shut.
Car engines are ignited,
Next stop – the church.

20.07.94

Awkwardness

The girl attends for a purpose
The girl intends to help and console
The girl attempts to accomplish this
The girl becomes tongue-tied
And curls up in her uselessness
And runs away in her helplessness.

December, 1994

The cosmic forces fight among themselves,
Desperately seeking to overcome one another.
Similar traits thrash and throttle
Like broken bottles whose shattered
Pieces are sticking to and stinging at
The other's limbs, afraid of
One another's image –
Opposing but all the same –
Too alike to bear each to each
On the one piece of glass
In the unity of these universal forces
That revolve in these ever-spiralling
Orbitals throughout this ever-changing
Galaxy of disputing desires.

Saturday, January 14th, 1994

An admission

I am a manic depressive
Though I like to ignore it
Sometimes I love everything
Sometimes I detest everything
Sometimes I have all the answers
Sometimes I have all the questions
I can be the best person in the world
I can be the most pathetic person
I am the good or the bad
But never the in-between.
I am the educated, the ignorant,
The cold, the warm.
I am a compulsive individual
I do everything to extremes
I build up obsessions until
They shatter before my eyes.

And then I find another way
To enact my compulsive objectives
But I always hit rock bottom
And then, alternately approach ecstasy
In this crazy circle called life.
I am a manic depressive.

December, 1994

Straight-jacketed

My hands are twisted about my body
Locked into these never-ending sleeves
White – the colour of insanity,
The ever present energy within me.
Briefly pink, but never red.
Usually dazzlingly, brilliant white –
The colour of boredom, of isolation,
The colour of loneliness, of being astray.

My shoulders lack the flexibility of
Dislocating and dismissing.
My legs kick for my arms, leaving
The disentanglement unachieved,
Not even almost attained,
Not even loosened.

The rushing red is blocked
Unable to penetrate that wicked white
It can not be soaked up – incompatible
To this stainless white – whose closest
Companion has proved impotent.

How weak fiends shoot rifles
That are mere potato guns
That which 4 year olds know of
Their harmlessness.

Your meagre wear and tear will take
Millenia before the persecution of
This colourlessly collaged cloth.

When I'm With You – Stanza 1.5

Sometimes
While I am hanging
Off the edge
With arms outstretched,

I look up
Appealing for help but
In your eyes, I can only see
Contempt and disgust and then
I lose my grip and
Slip further down –
Down into the darkness until
Finally fear gives way and
Love comes to my aid and
Helps me clamber to the top again
Where I unsteadily remain
For a while.

Saturday, 14.02.95

Black Friday Activity

Contemplating suicide
Is an interesting pastime
Hours pass with confused
Thoughts and feelings
Shooting through your soul
Enabling you to view
Life without your presence
And prophesise how it'd be.
One can even mime the
Whole exercise by
Gathering pills together,
Holding a gun to the head
And then the heart
Or selecting a favourite
Branch from all the trees
In the world to hang from.
There's much to ponder on
But if you are a chicken,
Don't bother wasting
Your time, kidding
Yourself about doing it.
It's not a highly
Regarded hobby.

My Daddy

“My Daddy's got a better job than
Your Daddy” – two children argue
And I, I smugly smile and think
To myself how nobody has got
A better Daddy than my Daddy.

“My Daddy has \$3000 in the bank”
one says in a desperate attempt to
Reclaim some status but I, I know
My Daddy has more money than that.

My Daddy must be the best.
What could two children on a bus
Know when I know best?

Then I think – I fight with
My Daddy. We always argue.
My Daddy thinks I have no self-
Esteem. I am a disappointment...
But, but, but my Daddy is the
Best Daddy in the world.

Tuesday, December 27th, 1994

Parties

Couple after couple
Engage and re-engage
The one bedroom
Staining sheets
Losing grace and
Parting afterwards
Like mated animals
To one another's homes
Where one half will
Huddle up
And worry
About what could happen
And all under the pretence
Of a petty vow of genuine concern when
Soon all fraud will be realised
Until the next time.

Wednesday 22.03.95

A Chained Will

Destiny!
The Will of God!
Fate!
The Beaten Track!
I plod along
Convinced
Doubtful

Willing to succumb
To Providence
Free Will?
Do I choose?
Do I but think I choose?
Tricks
All are psychological tricks
Pretence
I pretend to move
But am chained
To the Will of God,
To Fate -
My track is well beaten!

Thursday, 29th December, 1994

Tug-of-War

I am a rope
Tied to 14 bodies,
Separated into 2 sides of seven –
Seven struggling bodies
Combined to form one:
One against one
With me in between
Being pushed and pulled
As the 14 bodies grope at me,
Cling to me,
Seeking to claim me
For their own.

One is overpowering the other –
I am becoming a colony!
But suddenly I am reclaimed
And lose any hope of an identity
As the 14 blasted bodies
Grab at my fraying being
In this tiresome Tug-of-War.

Friday, 30th December, 1994

“I’m still alive”

I would be dead
I should be dead
If I was not tied
I would have re-tried
To end all

In order to start again.

I live for an answer
To the ongoing puzzle
Revolving in my mind
I want to die –
I am already half dead:
The physical is all that remains –
The internal, the soul is ice cold.
I hate my friends and family
Because they keep me on hold.
I want to leave go
And burn in my own acid
And try hopelessly again
To be a proper whole
And not this stagnant refuse
I have become.

Wednesday, 11th of January, 1995

Shoo!

Go away you fiendish swine – shoo!
How far does my spear have to plunge through you?
You furiously fiddle with my inner being
Letting me believe I am unleashed at last
And then you return with a vengeance
While I have been silently swallowing
My new-found glorious release
For those few, fleeting moments.
You are resurrecting a heartless attack
Retaliating, clutching at my tender back,
Tearing the skin, breaking the bone,
Forcing me to stumble from my new track.

I had calmly laid down my arms
Determined to restart away from harm
But you prick, poke, jab and stab
And enter me like a broken bottle
Up and up, higher and higher
Slashing every thread of my lyre
Causing chaos, crashing, malfunctioning,
Leaving the dregs inside under your control.
And I wait, seeking your next command
To conduct cruelty as you demand.
Reluctant to realise why my spear is stained
I yeild from the struggle to sing the refrain
Till I refortify my castle, restock ammunition
Return tactics, rethink my strategy,

Reenact my life and reconquer my soul.

Monday, 16.01.95

Looking

What is he doing?
Why is he doing it?
Is he looking at me?
Or am I merely looking at him?
And is he only looking at me
To catch my look?
A novelty that I should look at him –
Or does he look out of pity
As do all the others?
Watching me, eying my every movement,
Trying to suss out my very mystery of being?

Look at me because you like to do so
Or never look at me again –
Because I love looking at you
And love thinking you are looking at me too.
Looks like those are all I have left
To keep me looking on.

16.07.95

January

Tis the season of depression
Fa-la-la-la-lah-la-lah-lah-lah
Tis the season when obsession
Is no longer ve-ry viable
Tis the season of depression
Fa-la-la-la-lah-la-lah-lah-lah!

Sunday, 8th January, 1995

Baby in my Arms

A proud mother throws her baby boy at me,
For me to hold and share in her marvelling.
I turn to stone – unprepared for such a reward;
The little living bag of potatoes is all-knowing,
He can sense my awkward alienation from him.
The tension in my hands flows upwards;
The vibrations from me cause him to cry

As he returns converse feelings of pandemonium
Longing for the warm, sturdy hands of his loving Mum
Who comes to my rescue with his bottle of milk
And the creature silently sucks on his prize
Content with this momentary substitute
And I pray that I could be of importance
Instead of a sculpted stone with arms outstretched,
That maybe I would one day be the real thing
To some precious infant I might breed.

Sunday, 02.04.95

A Case of Life or Death!

Once upon a time
I took a trip
And got my mind
Intertwined
(Or so I thought)
With another's mind.

The minutes were endless
And the hours stalled
Until an eternity passed
And my mind was still
Not mine anymore
So both minds panicked.

Insane or not
I became desperate
To release my mind,
To retrieve my
Individuality -
So I entered the kitchen.

Destined for the knife
To end all life
I was distracted
By the kettle
And decided that
I'd prefer a cup of tea!

Saturday 1st April, 1995

Silently Bound

You wish for me to think no further
To cease relations with Mr Analysis

What then is there for me to do?
Where then can my route forward be?
I know no other way of existence
And am repulsed at submitting to thought's resistance

I do as you desire, as ever I try
Blanketing my mind, burning my thoughts
Destroying a lifetime's literature for you
Leaving behind no evidence of delusion
My body is free of my written word
Composed amidst months of confusion
All to be incinerated at your request
To ensure my intention, to set your mind at rest

Perhaps the fire has set me free too
Free from lies but still I'm tied to you
Still shaking at your fiery outburst
Accused am I of having your name cursed
Hoping it will not lead to my degradation
Praying you will see the lies and manipulation

I'll silently walk with Mr Analysis
But I swear to be dumb, not even will I hiss!

Friday, 31st March 1995

Pain

Pain grows within us all
Repressed mostly
But breathing within us,
Breeding within us
In crisis, it emerges
In the form of confusion
Disguised by evil
Inflouescantly
But it's goddamned ugly
Combatting our souls -
The rulers of goodness.
Our souls are pure
But pain contaminates them
And evil masks them.

When evil is exposed
Only pain remains
And suffering is endured
Punishment is exercised
Justice is made
And truth is seen

Unarguable truths
Agonising truths
Knowledgeable truths
Learned truths
To overcome pain
By revealing buried traumas
And so by enduring agony
Truth conquers.

Monday 27th March 1995

Dying to Live

I live each day
Battling with death
Ever since trauma
Was resurrected.
Inside, I'm convinced of life
Because I've tasted death
And wish no longer to tango
On the threshold of it's desire.
Each day I hope
To move towards life
And to embrace
It's potential so good.
Inside I have the mouldy misery
Having seen the pigeon being plucked
Having heard her cooing disappear
Enough misery to make doors be opened.
Each night I whimper
In the pigeon's agony
Hoping feathers can grow
A little here, a little there.
Inside, I sense the joyful energy
That keeps that door pulled shut
Though I meddle with the doorknob
Wishing it could kindly come off.
I live each night
In the wake of death
Ever since agony
Was resurrected.

Tuesday 18.03.95

Studying the Kettle

My mind wanders over and beyond
The books spread out at my desk

I wrestle to rescue my concentration
And return to the world of education
My thoughts have no interest in trivia
That envelopes life with ignominious information
This has no appeal to my mind's eye
Who is yearning only for specific beauties
While watching the kettle of love boil
Though it hardly even simmers.
Those tiny bubbles are my mind's magnets -
Little activity causing massive attraction
I ask not for such discrimination
Loading me down with heaps of books
That bring me a scarcity of satisfaction.
Forced to prepare for a "stable" future
By overfilling me for one examination?

Friday, 31st of March, 1995

Manslaughter

I have done wrong
Hoping to ease my pain
I have been wronged
And it's hard to remain sane
I am guilty of innocence
But not ignorant of guilt
To murder, I plea my innocence
But to manslaughter, I shamefully admit.

Monday, 27th March, 1995

Liquorice Ice Cream

Deprived of conversation
Forced into alienation
A look of acknowledgement
Brings estrangement
A word of consolation
Would be divine inspiration
For a bead of water
Sliding down my cheek

The mouth is shut
The tongue dangles
The curtain is drawn
The window strangled

Oh! To lick the ice cream

To taste the cold sugared milk
To crunch the crumbling wafer
To feel a content stomach

Oh! To vomit up the liquorice
To brush the black teeth clean
To redden the darkened tongue
To feel a vacuumed heart so serene

Tied by inhibitions
Knotted by insecurities
Clothing my circulation
Warping my isolation
If the waters could only break
I'd vow not to die on the stake!

Wednesday 29.03.95

A Free Me

You and me
Watching TV
In the crowded bar
One touch from you
Enthuses me
Conducting electricity
I can keep cheering
Our team on
Refilled with hope
I can offer courage
And support every attempt
For Ireland to score
Despite a bad performance,
A disappointing result
Because one touch from you
Brought back optimism
Reinvoked enthusiasm
And liberated me!

Friday, 24.03.95

Screaming

A fortnight has passed since we last spoke
A book's certain theory sedated me for a week
Fading slowly and very surely out of sight
Bringing back the intensity of that overwhelming feeling
Blocked very weakly by that unarguable theory

Until now, today, it again consumes my soul
The stiff cramps in my back have returned
Uncontrollable, swallowing up my soul
And again anchoring my sorry spirit
To the rigid rock of your indifferent being

What words spilled an awkward silence on you
That I spoke only to reassure you
In the hope that I could content you
And claim you and keep you near?
I cherished our uncomfortable reunion
When I could partake in your conversation
And meekly mingle in your company
Content, my soul was, of a charitable reward
To linger along next to you in time
And you too seemed happily unperturbed!

What then have I done wrong?
Why then do you run from me?
To again leave me wretchedly alone
And again my heart bleeds at your loss
Again my soul stoops to sorrow and woe
Again I am pulled, paralysed behind
The traces of your beautiful being
To keen and moan inwardly: SCREAMING!

Wednesday, 22.03.95

Losing My Grip

My tightening grip
Around your shadow
Is hurting my hand

To squeeze so hard
Around an abstraction
On my soul, stings bad.

Embarrassment growing
Answers are owing
Me, a release of pain

Requited emotionally
Unrequited physically
I ask you to explain.

My blood-drained hand
Is running out of time
Before it is squeezed right off!

Wednesday 22.03.95

Fog

Aware now, I am
Of why such grievous
Helplessness arose within
Of why a broken heart
Became a shattered one
By one real but meaningless
Touch, one cloudy night

Sick, still, I am
At your growing distance
That was so near,
At your awkwardness
Of knowing you are so dear
To me, a stifled embryo,
Gasping for one deep breath
That will bring back
The flickering light
Which illuminated
One choking, cloudy night

EARLY WRITINGS

8 hours

Energy rushes,
Blood gushes to the brain
You're talking to the trees
You're floating with the breeze
Energy rushes
You are insane
You can not stop moving
You want to fly high
You want to follow the clouds
And reach the sun

Your friends don't understand you
How could they? They are ignorant.
But how could they possibly understand you
For you are not you anymore

Your means don't satisfy your needs
You want more –

Power

You want to escape from Narnia
The beasts are clawing at your back
“Open the Door, Open the Door,
LET ME OUT”

8 hours more

Sunday 05.09.93

Insanity

Twisted images leaking through your mind
Tension builds, there is no hope
You are solely right, they are all wrong
This last image, you can't cope.

Help!

There is not state more tragic
Than that of one who wants to be no more
Guilt and self-hate spread like bacteria
Through the mind.
Soon rationality is suffocated
And tragedy occurs.

05.09.93

Pressure

It surrounds your whole person
It feels 10 metres thick
It is cold, so very cold.

In Summer, it becomes more dense
In Winter, it becomes thicker still
It soon engulfs your whole body

There are no exits, you will never be free
Trapped in this place with no one around.
You see people but you can't reach them.
They seek but you will not be found.
It builds until you explode.

Love

Beautiful but incomprehensible
Friendly but insensible
I wait but it never comes
I'll keep waiting till the dawn
When it comes, I'll throw it away
I'm too weak to allow it to stay.
Dangerous but adorable,
Dark and dreadful.

Loyalty

To be loyal is to be prepared to sacrifice yourself and your enjoyment to pacify somebody else. It's a bitch.
Without loyalty, however, there is no one.
So I'd prefer to be loyal.

Friends

Friends are people you are prepared to respect and be loyal to through thick and thin.
You need them.

Monday 20.03.95

Blah!

A thousand nothings enter my mind
One for everything, another for something
But all I feel is zero to nothing

Should I release a signal of distress?
A laugh, a cry, an SOS or a flare?
So that there is something that with nothing can compare?

Not empty, not full, not satisfactory
Not drunk, not sober, not even merry
Not sweet, not sour, not nearly ripe either

Perhaps desperate, perhaps hungry
Perhaps anxious, perhaps relaxed
Perhaps something, anything but nothing!

A thousand nothings must produce something!
Or something will have to evolve from nil –

To eat, drink, smoke or to pop a pill?

Clear the head of some deathly nothings
And seize a substitute saneful something
Like a book, a video, the radio or a CD

Something dervies from nothing to become everything
Deja-vu! Perhaps I'll take up the art of voodoo!
Guess I'll just retire to the old programme

My something will be nothing
And my nothing will be everything
Now, isn't that something!

Monday, 20.03.95

Primal Pains

My Mum's sister was pulled naked from the sea
Whe Mum was 7 months pregnant with me
And responsible for 4 others under the age of 7
Recklessly playing on the dangerous sea's haven

Mum was blamed and condemned for neglect
By her blind sister and denial-ridden mother
For an act of will beyond anyone's control
And so Mum too wished for the release of death

Inside my mother, I was growing still
Circulating the same blood and nerves as she
Sensing the same grief, torture and despair
Collecting tonnes of her treacherous torments

Two months later, I was ready for out
I signalled to Mum but she wished to do nought
I struggled and pushed at her inner walls
But she was numbed by agony and wouldn't relent

I begged and I pleaded to be released
And when I finally was, I was already lost
Destined to face a cursed life of uphill struggles
Unable to remember what I couldn't forget

Traumatised before birth, during birth too
And then neglected of my infantile needs
To feel loved, understood and comfortably warm
And not all alone in cruel, cold confusion

Primal pains that were never endured

But pushed aside to the back of my mind
Though carried along 18 years of my life
Causing chaos in many a little strife

Always feeling that something is missing
Something that made every right seem wrong
To finally learn that's all due to kissing
That was never received when but an infant's sole need

I'm still that infant, empty by neglect
But now learned in its unavoidable occurrence
Because I know though it's hard to reflect
All can be forgotten by its painful remembrance.

Wednesday 15.03.95

To Pop or Not to Pop!

I have turned 180 degrees
I long for a 360 degree revolution
It may never happen
I want it to happen
I can only try to help it happen

I feel change
I want change
I can only help it occur
Or it shall never happen

All the strength I can muscle up
Will be required to carry out this hope
It is a conviction
I need it to be a decision
But that can only be felt afterwards
I want to feel that afterwards
So I can believe I have some strength
Real strength to make me progress
To make me feel strong
To make me believe in myself
I want to have a self
A self that I can recognise
Tha will cause littel harm
But that will still be fallible
Though not quite as weak
I wan to have a belief in my own strength

If I pop now
I will not be happy later
I will feel weak

Useless
Without convictions
Without a self

To pop or not to pop
That is the question!

Tuesday 14th March, 1995

Drought

These eyelids are wrung dry
Though tears are bursting their frames
Cold, cruel, dark sensations
Slumbering amidst the savagery
But salt is absorbing the release
Of streams, rivers, brooks
Of an outrageous waterfall
Tumbling, fiery passions
Revolving and swirling
Mixing, absorbing, crushing
The stony, unsteady interior
But still, all is dry
The waters do not burst
The frames do not crack
Tears remain an intangible resource
Unknown to sand and gravel
Opposed to thought and emotion
Alien to oceanic lifestyles
Aware only of dry cognitions
Who thirst for a dreadful drought
In an uninhabited desert.

Tuesday, 14th March, 1995

My Friend

Last time such wretched feeling arose
I accepted all the blame for wrongdoing
Now these thoughtless innuendos resurrect themselves
But guilt is locked away from my mind.
You fool me with your half-hearted broadmindedness
You can see no further than Thomas himself
I can not train you to swim in truth
I can not stop choking on disdainful disgust
Though aware you (nor I) are to blame
I just cannot tolerate these tormenting differences
From a distance, you have passively listened

But now an active member, you only hear
If only I could force open your inner ear
To think, I feel sick, at losing a friend so dear.

Thursday 16.03.95

Our Journey

Together
But apart
We journey along
The road less travelled

Our mirroring images
Reflected on us, by us
Joined our souls
But our bodies remain separate
By our unique experiences
To overcome our struggles alone
But because of one another

Individually
But together
We edge towards grace
Along the road less travelled

Tuesday, 14th March, 1995

Butterfingers!

The uplifting inner joy
Is slipping away
Like melting butter
From my fingers
Leaving only
A sticky residue
Of false happiness
On my weary soul

Tired, I am
Of counting joys
Fatigued, I am
By misconceptions
Wasted, I feel
For having been so misunderstood
Dying, my saliva-less tongue licks at
The dripping, energiless butter.

Sunday 12.03.95

My Fringe

Behind my fringe, there lurks my past.
There my impediments lie chiselled into my skin
Where they used to uncontrollably flourish
On my unknown, spreading like wildfire
And I used to allow these parasites to grow
Against my will, to eat and damage me,
To curse and damn me, to leave me for the hounds,
Shivering in my snare, wallowing in my despair.

Now, the answer remains unattainable
But I have discovered a suitable question
In order to dismiss those carnivorous creatures
And to unveil their cantankerous behaviour
Not to the flies or the bees anymore
But to the source of their unruly games.
Yes, the water here is far from pure
But now, I can peacefully drink this flavourless cure.

Tuesday, 28.02.95

Poetic Lies

Cast away that selfish shield
Held up by poetic lies
Walk through the gates of that field
Away from those stagnant cries

You pretend to be incapable
Of reacting to the truth of feeling
That's one more pathetic fable
To hinder your heart from reaching

Your melted ice, now refrozen,
Is back on your glacial boulder
I cease not now, what's undertaken
To knock that chip from your shoulder

Nurse your wounds while you may
Though they shall continue to fester
Pick those scabs, make them bleed
For yesterday's pain, to readminister

Your feline friend shall lick your scars
While you shall smugly smile my way

But you know I know that your fears
Are internally growing every day

I will not be your enemy
Nor wish to be an intruder
I tried once to be your friend
But you trembled at my power

I have little fear of love
And thus I can not hate
I merely wished to be your dove
So I do not deserve this fate.

Sunday 26.02.95

On an E

Happiness! Happiness!
Glorious happiness!
Divine happiness!
Paranormal happiness!
Building to an explosive climax.
Chew! Chew!
Move! Move!
Dance! Dance!
Water! Water!
Exercise those fabulous feelings

Next morning
Sore jaw
Stiff muscles
Heavy legs
Happiness has knocked me out!

Tuesday, 4th April, 1995

Loneliness

My previous insanities
No matter how severe
Always brought comfort
My wildest thoughts
Eased my headaches

Now my head aches again
My stomach is cramped again
But thoughts are unknown
They are now non-existent

And I am all alone

I am friendless
I am comfortless
I have no security blanket
I can't find comfort
In me, my last resort

I am too nervous,
Too fearfully frightened
To let on courage.
To let on indifference.
I am a feeling being!

I feel everything
In every situation
With incredulous intensity
Now, all I feel is...
LONELINESS!

Sunday, 26.02.95

The Quest

I selfishly search for love's holy grail
Only to mistake it for my own chalice
I hide well behind this ornate mask
Unable to distinguish my self from it

I ward off perfect lovers with a whip
Not recognising another's true compatibility
As my heart and mind are miles apart
And so I move about with apparent agility

One time, love ran up behind me
And hit it's true magic across my face
But it quickly turned away and fled
Leaving me far behind hopelessly out of breath

I am terrified since of again meeting such love
Though I continue to lust it's arrival
Thus I wear my heart upon my plastic glove
Knowing no other method of survival

I lead people on, riding them like donkeys
Holding my tasteless carrot before their noses
I trust no one and fear everything
Wandering about cobbled streets in search of roses

I couldn't drink from love's cup if I tried
Though I offer my own potion around like penny sweets
Mine is an artificial mixture full of additives
Yet, I still pray my fraudery may lead to just one authentic treat.

Thursday, 23.02.95

Lies

Cast away that selfish shield
Held up by poetic lies
Stop pretending you are incapable
Of reacting to the truth of feeling
Your poetry is no facade
Your inner being is not sealed away
Your inside is outside
You know I can see it
You know that's why you fear
When you see my falling tears
Your mind may control your actions
But your heart rules your inertia
I do not need to search you
And never shall I have to
I know why, when, where and how
Because what you have shown me
Commanded by your purposeful transparency
Can not be covered up with lies.

Thursday, 23.02.95

All apologies
I can no longer be brave
I smile
But my face is cracking
I understand
But my heart is collapsing
I am angry
But it's only jealousy
I am lonely
Though I feel love all around me
You're killing me
With your face against hers
And nothing in between
An anchored heart
Is draining my bravado

14.02.95

A Cryptic Love

Love
Like a crossword
Puzzle
Black boxes
White boxes
Waiting to be filled
I see the black
You see the white.
Colour in the boxes
So that we are
Together
In the dark
Together
In unity
Together
In love
Simply together
In bliss
Because this puzzle
Should not be
So cryptic.

Monday, 6th February, 1995

A Stubborn Love

He feels love
I feel love
It is love

His heart has been broken
My heart has been broken
We are broken

He holds onto the past
I hold onto the past
It is the past

The past was love
That love has passed
It is a memory

He clings to a memory
He trusts a memory
A memory is not love

The memory screws him around
The memory screws love around
He can not trust love

He feels love
The same love I feel
It is okay to love

Love is free
Love is not a sin
Love can heal

His love is healing me
My love is healing him
It's all too much

My hope has gone
Though my love lingers on
To help him along

Hopfully some day
When love again comes his way
He won't shy away

He has helped me
I have helped him
Love was just too stubborn.

Thursday, 26th January, 1995

The Tunnel

For two months now
I have been walking
Down this tunnel
Sometimes I am upside down
Somtimes I am right way up
Sometimes I am just spinning around
In the dark
Getting dizzier
Until nausea makes me cry –
And then I continue walking
But my pace is always faster.
I know you are not with me
But I feel you beside me
And the lightning flashes
You emit
Are kind substitutes

For the divine light.

19.06.94

You and I: The difference

Tears fall slowly down her face
One sees anger, fear and love
She manipulates emotion well
Unintentionally, she's able to steer

Others bottle emotion in deeply
So deep, it has to be squeezed out
Others still need a wrench to remove it
In the confines of four ugly walls

Tuesday, 24th January 1995

Ode to the Clueless Pig

She shits
And snorts
On her chair
With a jealous sigh
And without any care –
She squirms
And spreads
Her waste
All over my face
Until I can't see,
Until I'm blinded
By her selfish crap.
Oh, she murders me
Constantly
But I will not let her
Anymore
Die! You clueless pig!
Die!

27.07.94

Feelings pass with time
Slowly fading out of mind
Irregularly, clocks chime
The song of the old kind

27.07.94

Fresh drums are beating
The same roaring rhythms
Stale scents are smelling
From the bygone holy hymns

The devout devil is kneeling
Before the heartless hound
Begging to him, pleading
To cease that screeching sound

Thoughtless is the animal
Pityless the little red man
Together their act is criminal
Thus they're thrown in the can

The loud noise is still pounding
In the ears of red and black
Thier open mouths stop sounding
But no one wants them back

Friday, 30.12.94

A Cold Heart

My heart is shattered
I struggle to repair it
And piece it together
So I can love you

Fear has overcome me
I can't even look at you
Pretence has beaten me
I can't even glance at your eye

I continue to feel for you
But I cease to demonstrate my love
It seems my love has lost its power
I can no longer steal yours even for a moment

I am out of your reach against my will
This indirect love is giving me a chill
Desperately seeking your attention
But my heart is permanently locked in detention.

Friday, 30.12.94

Alone again

My mother won't talk to me
We are too alike to stop and converse
We lie to ourselves and aimlessly rehearse
This ongoing act of improvisation.
I feel if we did really talk,
We would sort so much out
I don't think we'd crumble like chalk
Or scream or shout or even pout
No, I think we would be uplifted
I also think I'll never be so gifted
As to understand my inner mother
Or even find her lost pieces
To my jigsaw.
No! Instead, I shall be smothered
By the untold and hidden crumbs
That are stolen from our bread of life
Which even Jesus hasn't touched
And that's how they will remain
Until they become staler and more
Ridden with mould and then rotten
And then I shall die in my cot.

30.12.94

Superglue

Do you know how stuck I am to you?
Do you know how much I depend on you?
How I trace your remnants around the city,
How I jump at every red Peugeot
And how I don't even know why?

I hang onto the hope of seeing you
Even if you are only passing through
I feel alone and lost and desolate
Should I not have seen you even once of late

You are nothing special or out of the norm
But I need you to make me feel warm
To make me continue in this lost world
To stop me from eating my own sword

I don't know why I need you so much
But right now you are my reason for living
I don't know why my life sucks

But you just make me want to keep trying
I don't know why I am so glued to you?
Do you realise the things you make me do?
I really, really love you.

Sunday 17.07.94

The Act

Holding back the heartache,
Hiding from the shame,
Turning into a lunatic,
Solely playing the game.

Running around in circles,
Jumping against the breeze,
Spinning as the wind whirls,
Stopping short in a daze.

Living in false happiness,
Fighting with all humanity,
Losing all the sweetness,
Crying in the old misery.

Aiming for the peace,
Missing out on the calm,
Soaking in the warm juice,
Singing that same damned psalm.

Magic

Some believe in magic
For others, it's just not logic.
Some believe it's part of religion,
Others believe it's religious treason.

Non-believers follow all that is logical,
Believers follow all that is natural.
Logic is so often illogical,
Magic may be illogical
But magic is natural.
Logic is often anti-natural
Thus, I scorn logic
And lorn for magic.

The Cove

Shouts, screams, cries of joy
Elevated by this exciting adventure
Free at last in this paradise,
How happy we all are!

Honesty, openness and trusting others
A deep bond is growing
Hidden tales are unveiled
Bonds of friendship strengthen.

Growth continues – well-nourished
Heightened – almost almighty
My heart overfills and spills on the floor
It is soaked up – now licked up.

I wipe up the mess it has made
But some remains – irretainable
For others to pick up
Relieved at being ignorant, UNTIL

Retreating to bedtime's safety
The covers are semi-permeable
The attack has begun – invasion
I huddle up like a petrified puppy.

The hand that reaches out
Is not cold or unkind
It is soft, warm and sensual
I am released – mother is here.

This nest is safe and secure
I feel cosy, cared for.
A breeze blows through the bed
Transferring me back to the outside.

Unintentionally, billowing the breeze
Till it brews up a storm
Relentlessly attacking my nerves
Selfishly blotting my conscience

Time passes regretfully
My heart falters remorsefully.

Thursday, 26.05.94

Absentmindedness

Short term memory, long term forgetfulness
Impermanence of feelings, permanence of indifference
Ugly, I would say – injustice
Disgusting, I would think – Nausea.

In one eye and out the other
A momentary emotion – situation
Like a forgotten romance –
Then important, now unthinkable.

As independent as I'd like to be,
I have no option but to learn from others.
Their example, disgusting to me
Yet is practical and resolving to all.
Yes, I am going to train myself,
I am going to follow, to be led
Like every other independent being
Resorted to in their ends before me.
Great! I'm going to join the mob –
The fabulous followers of forgetfulness!

Thursday 26th May, 1994

I have learned something after all
I have learned to live in the present
To take each hour, each minute,
Each second as they come and go.
I have learned that letting go of time
Is my escape route, my method of living.
The past must be forgotten,
The future must not be fiddled with.
It shall come, it shall go.
Only I will remain, if I permit myself
To accept things as they are,
If I permit everything in life to be normal,
To be unalterable but not unaidable.
Mulling, wallowing, wingeing shall be
Transformed into appreciation and accepting
Then, I will be happy
I will be at peace with myself.
Conversely, I will be at peace with the world.

26.05.94

Latin – the conqueror of the world is DEAD!

Delusion, illusion, allusion.
Repression, oppression, depression.
Determination, extermination.
Ovation, elevation, adoration.

Tuesday, 24.05.94

Kinsale

The merry-go-round has stopped
So too has my heart
The sea is moving
But it always moves
It's like the heart within me
Involuntarily beating, dragging me down.
I'm the same puppet
That everyone laughs at
So much fun, so much gloom
I hate alcohol, I love alcohol
I love, I hate – this is my life.
I can't bear the suffering, the everlasting pain
I want to die, to feel the same
I want to be swimming in those chilly waves
To wake all the love within
But no – I stay dumb, I stay deaf
I stay numb, I stay cold.
Cold, wet and horrible to touch.
This is me, the shitty being I am.

All day I have waited
I have waited all week for this day
The shitless chicken keeps running
Afraid of the fox, scared of truth
I wish I could be happy
I wish I could be one.
All the evils people speak of,
All the evils people talk of,
All the evils people worry about –
They are all me – I am all evil.

Hate – hate – blotted by love
Hate always wins – Hate is love
Love is hate. I hate to love.
I love to hate, I want to hate.
I want to be happy whether in love or hate

I want to be there
I hate this shit
I want to know me
Who the fuck am I?

The waves have got to stop
Why do they constantly move?
I am all alone
Ever shall I be alone,
Alone in depression, in isolation
I hang onto love, fake love
There is no love
I wish for nothing, the unattainable
The impracticable, the lost sheep.
Jesus found his lost sheep.
There is no shepherd now
I can't stop hating hatred
I can't stop hating me
I think too much – well, blow my mind
I'm fucking sorry. I love to think.
I hate to think.
God, grant me serenity, sobriety
And the wisdom of the foregone ages.
HELP! Help! Help! Help!

Wednesday, 18th May, 1994

Return to the Ocean

Kitty runs on her four legs in the sand
The sun is heating her coat of fur
Her lightfooted paws make prints in the granules
Gaily, she is chasing her tail.

A melody, sweet and harmonious distracts her
She looks towards the great blue sea
Amongst the waves, she spots the sensuous source –
Luring her, attracting her, magnetising her.

Kitty does not have webbed paws
And she has not a waterproof coat
She is glaring into the ocean's jaws
Wishing she owned some type of boat.

Long golden sand reflect the sun's rays
A cream complexion, a body of scales
Kitty stands and waits for days
The sacred singing outdoes all tales.

The pure, clear water exhilarates her
Kitty stretches a paw towards perfection
She wishes for the time to come
When she can leave her coat behind
And dive into that rich well
Without a fear of drowning
But instead with a knowledge of the safe
Sanctuary of the sea of truth.

Kitty turns and chases her tail
Ignoring the fading intensity of the melody.

Friday, 13.05.94

The Battle of the Mind

Fill your head, fill your head
Open those books, open them.
Learn, learn, LEARN!

This book will not help me learn
I've tried. The answers are not there.
I'm looking, I'm searching!
Nothing's here – I'm freaking out!

School, college, education
They can all be postponed
They are not indispensable –
But this lesson is now.
It can not be overlooked.
I need direction.
No book serves my purpose
No person can serve me.
Education does not heal isolation –
My mind needs guidance
Because it's fighting so hard.
My thoughts are struggling
For survival of my sanity.
Work or study does not bring achievement –
If your mind is let loose, they bring detriment.
If your mind is caged, they bring fatality.
I want to be free but yet caged.
I want to lead but yet follow.
I want to feel in equilibrium.

Monday, 9th May, 1994

Right Now

Lustful thoughts leak into my mind
Impurity growing, I search for love.
I can not differentiate between lust and love,
Right and wrong, good and bad.
They're all intermingled in my head.
They seem to be combusting and bonding together.
I struggle to separate love from lust,
Right from wrong, good from bad.
I need a guardian angel to guide me.
I need a niche – safe and secure –
Full of love, beauty and goodness.
I ask the angel for such guidance.
I anxiously wait advice.

Friday 13th May, 1994

Saturation

The tap pours water on the sponge
I wipe my face with the cloth
Then I squeeze it incessantly
Till I can feel no more water
Flowing down my neck,
Sneaking inside my shirt.
The cool water is burning me –
The towel does not ease the burns
But I keep rubbing myself with it.
Now, I'm scrubbing the burns –
They're beginning to bleed
The blood runs down my body
I turn on the tap
It pours water on the sponge...

Wednesday 4th May, 1994

The Cat

The cat sleeps in the fire's warmth.
The hearth is central to all –
Rising, she moves towards the couch carefully.
Loudly purring, she rubs her head against idle shins –
The first pair kick her away
The second do not react
The third hiss down her purrs.

But not I – I love to rub the cat,
To hear her purrs magnify
And to feel her chin rubbing hard at my legs.
I gently pick up her warm body of fur.
I fondle and caress her lovingly.
Suddenly, I feel the intensity of disapproval from all.
Insecure, I feel I have wronged.
I resign and replace the creature on the carpet
And watch her curl before the fire's heat once more.

Tuesday, 29th March, 1994

This feeling, this feeling!
It's driving me mad!
I can't bear it!
I can't handle it!
Get it out!
I'm sick!

Why can't everything be as it was?
So, so pleasant; so, so sweet.
It was a time when the stars brought comfort,
A time when the trees brought relaxation.
The rhythm has changed from walking smoothly –
It is now pulsating, beating viciously
Throughout my whole system.
I can't slow it down! It won't stop!
It's breaking down my stability.
The hammer's incessantly beating my nerves.

STOP DOING THIS TO ME!

Tuesday, 8th March, 1994

Divided Duty

The stupidity of it all, the absolute meaninglessness
I am again confused. Who is who? What is what?
More fucking unanswerable questions
Does any question have an answer?
Total dissatisfaction, discontentment. I've had enough.
No more gloom, no more.
There is no point in talking, no point in wallowing.
Get rid of despair. Cast all of those self-piteous thoughts away.
Yet, when I think of all that's good, it seems so filial.
The injustice of living has consumed what hope I once had.
Another day passes. Once more, I pass away.

Sunday 27th March 1994

On the Beach

Melting into the sand among the granules
So too is my heart melting in my body
I long for this sunshine to penetrate the
Bitterly cold wind and turn this sand to life.
My being longs for all those rays.
Can the whiteness of my body reflect them also?
Or will my blackness greedily consume them?

Thursday 17.02.94

You Again

You're driving me crazy
My rationality is going
Get rid of this
I don't need it!
Am I being tossed around?
Why do I feel that way?
I have had enough.
I've got to know now
Stop it! Let me think!
The clatter is blowing my mind!

Denise's Poem

Treading unsurely, searching, touching
Wandering, waiting, smiling and tiring
She is there – the blackness, the light
Hurting, damning, cursing – She cries.
The tears are black and dangerous to touch.
Beware my love, she's warping my thoughts.

Friday, 11.02.94

An Phoenix

Which is which?
What am I supposed to do?
This rose is a rose, it is blossoming.
Do I pick the rose so it never blossoms again?
Or do I prune it and care for it?
Tell me what to do!

I needed you like the earth needs the sun
Yet, I can not talk, I can not communicate
You are my light, she is my light
Which light am I supposed to follow?
Help me in this hour of confusion!

My life is torn apart and I love both parts
Equally, incessantly, absolutley.
Yet, still I am confused.
Help me, God. What am I supposed to do?

You are my only hope
I need love and beauty – everlasting beauty.
Yet, beauty is impermanent.

19.06.95

No More Sardines

I have one thing to say:
You did not escape
There is one thing I know:
I was right. Go on, deny it!
I have met the last fish
Who wriggles free.
No more cod for me!
I will catch the greatest trout about.
You can visit my aquarium
If you like
And wriggle in envy.

I

Love

“You”

(whoever ‘you’ are)